

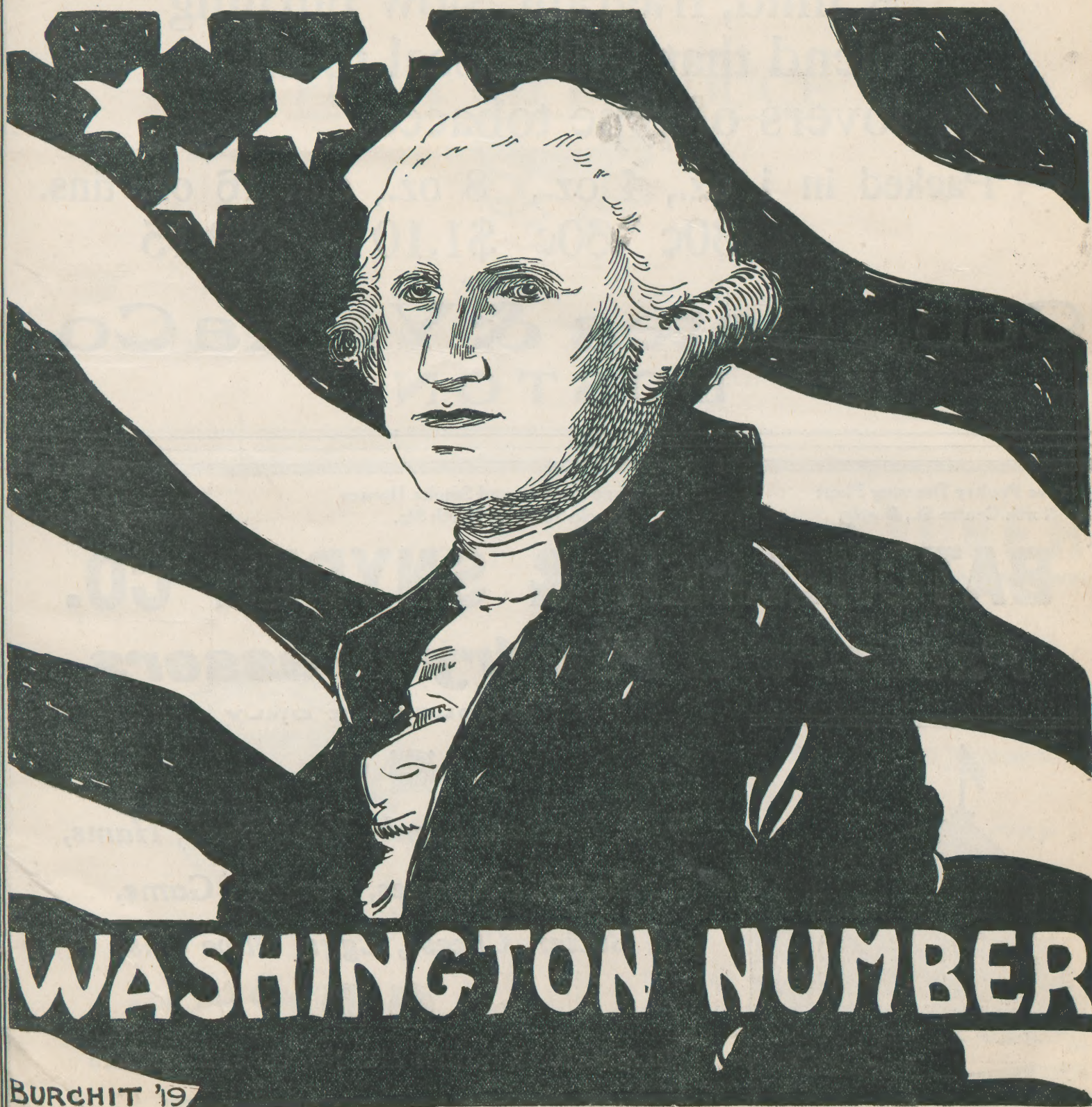
# THE RECLAIMER

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WASHINGTON NUMBER

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# THE RECLAIMER

"WE CAN IF WE WILL"

## DEPARTMENT OF OCCUPATIONAL THERAPY

There are few of us that realize of what importance and value the work of the Reconstruction Aides at our hospital is. They came to us in a very unassuming way and began their work under all sorts of difficulties and now have organized a splendid department with a workshop that is benefiting the men very materially.

They began to work in the North and South Wards first on January 1, 1919, with a class of 21 men in all who were able to do that work. Since that time many men have passed through their hands and all but five have either been transferred to Ward C or been discharged. While the girls are very modest about claiming a share in this success, there is no doubt that they have contributed very materially towards it. They have put up curtains in various places that the men have to work and have in every way possible contributed to the comfort and happiness of those

Dr. Southard, who is a psychiatrist of some note, makes the statement that these occupational workers will soon be as necessary to the Psychiatric Service as medicine is to the physician. Most of the patients that come to the Psychopathic Hospitals as a result of the war are purely mental patients and their cure is mostly effected through giving them stimulating and interesting employment, fresh air, pure food and plenty of sleep. The Reconstruction Aides of our hospital are engaged in furnishing the first items on this list for the patients here. Their work has a large background of material in the Study of Psychology, for it is necessary for them to understand the fundamentals of the individual cases with which they are dealing and to give each one special consideration in co-operation with the Wards Surgeons in charge of the various men. The doctors may prescribe certain movements of the joints or certain types of mental efforts for the patients and the Aides must have command

of enough crafts and occupations to fill the prescription. Their object thus, is to develop in each individual a spontaneous interest in life about him in himself as a patient. They feel that when a patient is stimulated to understand his own case and be interested in some definite craft, his cure is practically effected.

The treatment of the various war patients of the Psychopathic type proceeds about as follows. On the return of the man to this country he is at once sent to a hospital near his home where he is examined and a history of his case and any previous history of his that bears on his case is recorded. Both the Psychiatrist and the Vocational Officer of the place consider each man and if the doctor thinks that the man will be able to resume his work, the Vocational Officer provides treatment for him under the department of Occupational Therapy. But if the doctor feels that the man will not be able to return at some time to his former occupation then great care is taken to learn the preferences and special talents of the man. There is usually a special Vocational Officer for this last work. For the man who will be able to take up his vocation again there is often a special Corps of men to take charge of him, known as the "Disabled Soldier's Training Corps" and this

## DR. NEFF TELLS OF HOSPITAL'S EARLY HISTORY

It is eminently fitting that the Norfolk State Hospital should be used by the national government as a reconstruction hospital, which briefly expressed means that in such a hospital the treatment employed is applicable to the individual case and so applied that a readjustment of the patient is possible.

The hospital was born on June 1, 1914. The land reservation of the hospital comprises 1125 acres purposely selected for its suitability for the use to which it has been put. The area of the land is in the shape of a bowl or saucer; upon the sides of the ridges facing inward are the present colonies and the sites for future colonies. Immediately beneath them stretches farming land, and in the center are many acres of lowland which are capable of being drained as further cultivable land is required. The hillsides are covered with a growth of timber which will provide outdoor winter labor for many years to come. On the rise near the center of the tract, and visible

from all the hospital lands, is the superintendent's residence. Immediately to the north and to the south of the hospital boundaries are main divisions of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad. Although the area of the hospital lands is large, the sloping contour of the ridges serves to unify the hospital community and to separate it from the activities and distractions of the outside world. The advantages of this geographical sequestration with its accompanying interest in the life and events which are immediately at hand are already

## "MAY I?"

There's one white cross "in Flanders field" where lives a heart:

'Tis mine, And that, dear lads—is why I love you so,

Somehow, you seem to be a link twixt him and me;

I listen to your laughter: just so he laughed—

Long months ago.

I see the khaki breadth of you swing free:

Just so he swung— through fields where poppies grew;

I see your smiles and hear the springtime in your voices—

Dear lads—for these things may I love you

As I do?

A. L. D., Attleboro.

Corps is usually well posted on the opportunities in industry. On discharge, the man passes before a board or Military Commission who examine him thoroughly and make record of his condition. After discharge he is watched and taken care of by the various social workers that are connected with the department. For one month, then, he has his allowance continued from the government and

(Continued on Page 9.)

apparent. The patients' quarters are made up of cottage units divisible into two colonies; namely: the south or administration group and the oval group. These colonies are used for men and women respectively. These units, with the necessary service and administration buildings comprise the hospital proper.

The varied character of the work incidental to the building of the hospital has

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# FROM THE SURGEON GENERAL

Get out the old Manual of the Medical Department and proceed to paste up the latest change in that important branch of Army Regulations which relates to the caduceus. The newest wrinkle just introduced by the Surgeon General and approved by the Adjutant General is going to make every patient in every hospital in this country and France "come clean" and "go clean" and "stay clean," for it provides that all patients' soiled clothing shall be washed as part of the hospital laundry.

Paragraphs 222 and 267 are the ones which are changed, and altho there are only a few words "stricken out" and a few more added on, the net result is most astonishing, not to say joyous.

As soon as the Medical Department found out that hundreds of patients who were coming back to this country and who were in hospitals in France were doing their own laundry simply because regulations provided no means whereby the hospital could do it for them, they got busy and changed the regulations. And now all hospitals are going to wash all washable clothing belonging to patients. The two changes in the aforementioned paragraphs provide for this explicitly. Paragraph 267 now states among other things that the hospital laundry shall consist of "the washable clothing of patients under treatment in hospitals," and paragraph 222 definitely remarks that "the soiled clothing of patients will be washed as a part of the hospital laundry."

With these two changes made and spread broadcast to every department hospital, camp hospital, post hospitals, embarkation and debarkation hospitals, general and base hospitals and hospitals in France it is going to make a good bit of difference in the hospital laundry bills, but it is going to make so much more difference in the feeling of patients that the medical department deems it well worth while. "Clean clothes for everybody" is the hospital slogan from now. D-753.

Another "sunshine letter" has been added to the collection which the Surgeon General's Office is keeping as testimony which comes from time to time that the Medical Department of the Army is doing everything within its power to provide the best for the sick and wounded soldiers who have done so much during the great war. This letter has come to

the Surgeon General from a father whose son was severely wounded in France last fall, and who thru all the trying days in hospitals over there and during the period of convalescence in this country has had nothing but praise for the care and treatment he has received.

Rev. William Bulloch, of Englishtown, N. J., has written the following letter regarding his son, Pvt. George E. Bulloch, of the 76th Field Artillery. Rev. Mr. Bulloch says:

"In these days when adverse criticism seems to be so common, will you permit to say a word for the men and women of the Medical department I have met? My son, Pvt. George E. Bulloch, 76th Field Artillery, U. S. Regulars, 3rd Division, was wounded severely in the Argonne on Oct. 15th, 1918. He speaks in the highest terms of praise of the treatment he received in the hospitals in France, as well as in the hospitals here. He was for a short time in the hospital at Richmond, Va., where he was given every degree of care and consideration, and I myself can only speak in the highest terms of praise regarding the courtesy of the Officer in Command to me personally.

"Since Dec. 31 my boy has been at the Base Hospital at Camp Dix, N. J. I have visited the hospital four times since then and from the officers in charge of the Receiving Ward, from the other officers I have met, and from all the nurses and enlisted men I have met, I have been extended every courtesy. This applies also to the Military Police. The professional treatment my boy is receiving is of the best as is made evident by the marked improvement in his case. And best of all I have been pleased with the good judgment exercised by the Surgeons in charge in permitting short visits to his home, which is having a wonderful effect in restoring the boyish spirits after the hardships of the war. I have much pleasure in testifying to the courtesy and efficiency of the service at the Base Hospital at Camp Dix.

"I am, with appreciation of the Medical Corps,

Yours truly,

(Rev.) William Bulloch."

In the above letter Rev. Mr. Bulloch testifies to the efficiency and courtesy of every department of the Medical Corps, from the enlisted man to the Commissioned Officer, including the Army Nurse Corps and all executive branches of the department both in this country and abroad. D-753.

## DR. NEFF TELLS OF HOSPITAL

(Continued from Page 5.)

enabled us to supply the patient with diversified employment, congenial to the individual for it is true that the ambition of the Board of Trustees has been to build the hospital as far as possible by labor representing the work of patients.

A noteworthy feature of the plan has been the consistent effort to have state commissions utilize unused land for their distinctive and specialized work. Thus far this program has been steadily advancing, co-operation having been established with the

Fish & Game, Agricultural, and Forestry State Commissions.

From the very beginning of the hospital we have relied for our medicine on the building effect of pure air, good food, regular hours, and out of door skilled labor, but we have realized that this plan of treatment in itself is inadequate. The chief method of cure lies in arousing patients to co-operate in their own recovery by securing their interests in their individual case. The patient strengthened in body by a change in environment, out of door work and exercise, and suitable diversion, is also strengthened in mind to overcome his nervous and physical weaknesses.

The advent of the war called many of our patients to active military duty. To our knowledge 500, and doubtless more of our discharged patients are in active military and naval service.

Demands have also been made upon the hospital for man power for essential industries and war work. The officers of the hospital have made every effort to meet this obligation and purposely have curtailed the treatment of patients so that they might join this war work army. The withdrawal of these men has materially decreased the number of patients resident at the hospital.

In July, 1917, the Trustees of the hospital, realizing that the treatment given at Norfolk to patients was practically identical with the treatment which had been found most successful by English hospitals for restoring men who had suffered nervous breakdown from their experience in the war, expressed an earnest hope that the staff and facilities of the hospital might, so far as practicable, be placed at the disposal of the national government for the care of the numerous and serious cases of nervous shock which would undoubtedly be sent from the front as soon as the American army became actually involved in hostilities. Word was received from the government officials that the hospital had been placed upon the list of reserved hospitals which might be available to the government for the care of soldiers who were invalidated home and on October 1, 1918, the government took charge of the hospital and since that time has been operating it for the treatment of such patients.

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts earnestly hopes that the government will find the different departments of the hospital suitable for its purpose.

I realize that the successful administration of any hospital depends necessarily upon the good will of its patients and employees, and I sincerely hope that the Norfolk State Hospital's slogan of "co-operation" will be adopted by the army hospital as their "war cry."



# Corp. Irish Tells of Trip To Boston

"Yes", exclaimed Jakie, I had vun fine time in Boston. You know boys I left here Sat. noon and chust gits back today. And I tot I vuz in heaven all de time. But so many dead soldiers, I did never see for all my life. No I don't mean real live honest to real Amerikan soldgers but soldiers dat Sgt. Burchitt puts in his Reclaimer, glass soldgers. Vell to say about de story vot I vunt to say is I vent to the Barleycorn hotel, vot is siterated in de back part of a front yard in Boston and ordered for a room. As I vas coming in dis hotel I fegets to shut de door wide open and de porter shuverd me a push in de face and I tumbeld away close from him. Vell I gots up and shut de door and believe me I tied it loose too.

And belief me I had a laff such as I never had once before since I lived. I says to de hotel managerie how ven I wants de bell boy, I gets him and he says vy you ring (wring) de towel. Such as I did, laff all over my face. And dat nite, conforming wit de destructions of the menagerie I tried it but de boy he stayed away.

Vell I gets to my room but five minitz when a man inside a uneyform rapped at my door. I said "Come in" and he did. I thought he was de chief cook of de hotel because he has an eagle or a chicken or somethin like dat on his shoulder straps. He asks me vot de time is and I told him I couldnt tell vot time it was by my vatch. He vus mad and he wanted to know vy I couldnt tell him de time if I had a vatch. I told him my vatch had its hands over its face—he stood starin at me—and then I replies that if you are too dense to get that vy charge it up, to the town clock in Walpoole and let the hands work it out. Vell dat chief cook as I called him fell out de door and I guess he is going yet.

A few hours later I left de hotel by de back door and walked down de streets of Boston and too my delightfulness I met a little Irish girl I used to go to skule mit. And to recall sweet memories I never forgets de day in skule ven she had her feet out in de ile and was chewing a wad of gum. De toocheer like dat she vus—well de lady dat gives us our c.a.b.'s. Well any way she said to my liddle Irish girl and it made her mad too. Take your chewing gum out and put your feet in. Vell you know it izent politely to have your feet in the ile so I laffed all over my face again,

But I didnt see it dat way and I said "Her feet is too big". Vell did you know de toocher pushed me in de face and I haint lerned my a.b.c.'s yet. But going back to de story I wish to say I met a lot of old friends dat nite mit my little Irish girl. First she knocked me down to Mrs. and Mr. Jack Knife. Mrs. Knife was formerly Miss Pearl Buttons, a sister of Ann Vill. Vell she starts to kiddin me, because I have a face that only a mother could love and den she tickles me under de chin, and I couldnt stand dat so me and my Irish girl moves on.

Denn my little Irish girl says Jake I vunt to go to de movies. I says Vot, I'll show you, I'll show you, but anyway we consented and I vent. We wuz walkin down the boulevard in de town when we sees a big man like fatty arbuckles acomin down de street. When he got to us he stopped and she stopped and then I stopped. She says how is you and he says how is you and they both says K. O. She looked at me and said do you know fat Burns, I said I am not a cook but I know that fat burns. She Laffed and said no dis is Fat (Mr.) Burns, and she knocked me down to him. Ve says good by and we vent to de show not de movies but de show where de peeple vot talk real and not make moves. Vell de first act was a Jew and a Irishman shootin jokes at each other. De fust joke de Irishman says he sees some funny sites down by de sewing machine shop today. De jew says vell vot is it you seen. De Irishman says. I seen so many sewing machines running up and down without a stitch on them. Vell I laffed and laffed and every body in de show looked at me and I tot I vus de whole show. Den de Irishman says I vill now give you an imitation of two deaf, dumb and blind Chinamen over in Africa singing a Jewish song to the tune of Tipperary for the amusement of a flock of Eskimoes from South America who were collecting money for the stricken Belgian soldgers who fought in the German-French War. Vell he stopped and then there was a silence.....After awhile when he didnt says nothin one of de spectators said "Go on with your imitation and den de Irishman says you darned fool de two chinks were deaf, dumb and blind how could dey sing. Vell there wuz almost a combustion in dat show and everybody was mad.

The show is over and we went home, to the leedle Irish girl's home. She cooked some motsa and we had such a fine feed dat I never gets in de army. Den I says good nite and I vent to my hotel. But on my way there I was starting to begin to commence to git sick and I couldnt hardly walk to de place. I managed to get dere but I had so many live soldgers that I didnt sleep but stayed up all nite, knockin dem dead. De next morning about five o'clock in de afternoon I gets up and starts for home in de army. I missed de trolley train and I had to take shoe leather express all de way out. Oh but I vus mad. But I was not lone some with so many live soldgers with me but I had so many blisters on my feet. But now I feel husky as I remember that I was born in the corn field and I have shocked many a man when I gets mad. So from now on boys vote dry and you'll have no blisters on you feet and no more soldgers to kill.

By Sgt. Picketts.

## THE HERO WITH A WHITE STRIPE.

Sir: The stripe to which I refer is the silver stripe awarded our soldiers who served in America. The reason I refer to it is because of the awful injustice and inconsistency in awarding these service chevrons. A gold chevron, we know, is awarded for six months' overseas. That may mean that the wearer has lived through six months of hell with cooties, rags, icy water, gas and mangled corpses in the front lines; or it may mean that some other wearer has peacefully existed for six months far in the south of France pounding a typewriter, safe from all danger, except possibly speeding autos. At the same time, a "Gob" in the navy could serve a short three months on a North Sea destroyer or mine sweeper and win a gold stripe while the "bud-die" on this side could peacefully cruise off the "Capes" and win the same stripe with no risk to speak off.

Here in America we had men who volunteered at the first call for soldiers, long before a selective draft. Many of them are still here after eighteen months. You have the proof of this in the many "three stripes" you see of silver. How many "three stripes" of gold have you seen?

The only excuse given for holding these men here was their greater value here than overseas. All protests were unavailing and met with reprimand from officers and those of higher command. Now that awards are being made for faithful service rendered, those who were kept here against their will are given an inferior award, even though they were "supposed" to be giving "greater service."

Remember that all who wear gold stripes are not all heroes and also that there are a few heroes among the ranks of those with silver stripes.

An instance may be found in the boys who volunteered their lives and health to make and combat the poison gases used in the war.

Down in Maryland, at Aberdeen, is a veritable "war-made hell." Here enough gas has been produced to kill every living thing in the United States. And by your stay-at-home soldier of the silver chevron.

Many of these lads have "gone west" in their self-sacrificing tests of poison gases and new types of more efficient masks. They gave their lives that some other mother's son in France could "come through" alive and return safe home, spared the fiendish death that they had to suffer at Aberdeen.

Lucky was the lad in France who "drew" a Yankee mask. It gave him a wonderful sense of confidence of his safety. He knew that when the gas alarm sounded he could depend on his American gas mask to pull him through, alive.

I am speaking from the point of view of one who went "over there" and won his golden chevron, but without one minute of risk or danger.

It is lamentable enough that the boy who was kept on this side should have to miss the wonderful experiences of those who crossed without having insult added to injury in the form of a very white silver chevron.

SGT. GEORGE W. GRANT,  
U. S. Q. M. C., late of A. E. F., in France.



# TELL 'EM THE TRUTH

## George Did!

LET'S SEE! THERES  
MINNIE-AN RUTH-  
AN HELEN-AN KATE  
AN GURTY- AN  
FANNIE AN-



DONT BE BASHFUL! TELL  
HER JUST HOW MANY OTHER  
GIRLS YOU HAVE FED THE  
SAME BRAND OF MUSH!



WAS-A-MATTER! CANT  
YE KEEP OFF-OF  
A GUYS FEET!

IF SHE STEPS ON YOUR  
CORNS AT THE DANCE,  
GIVE HER A GOOD BAWLIN'  
OUT. THE POOR YOUNG THING!  
ABOVE ALL THINGS- BE  
FRANK

I HOPE I DONT  
HAVE TO  
COME  
AGAIN!



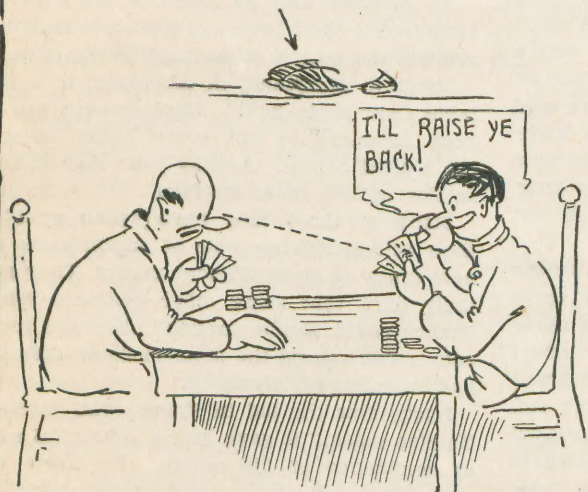
AFTER SPENDING A  
VERY DULL EVENING  
WITH YOUR WIVES FRIENDS  
DONT HESITATE! TELL EM!



WHEN YOU FEEL IT YOUR  
DUTY- AND YOU HAVE BECOME  
MUCH ATTACHED TO THE ARMY  
WRITE YOUR FOLKS ABOUT IT.  
(REMEMBER GEORGE AND THE  
CHERRY TREE)



I'LL RAISE YE  
BACK!



WHEN SITTING IN THAT POKER  
GAME - A FOUR-FLUSH NEVER BEATS  
A "FULL" - HE MIGHT CALL YE!  
BE HONEST WITH YOURSELF!

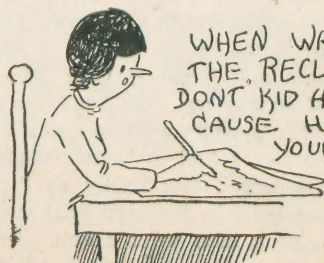


WHY ARTEMUS! YOU  
LOOK AWFUL!  
I DONT THINK  
YOU'LL LIVE  
LONG!

WHEN YOU MEET A FRIEND  
WHO HAS HAD THE "FLU" -  
ENCOURAGE HIM! TELL 'IM  
HE IS ONLY KIDDING WITH  
THE UNDERTAKER

I GOT YE  
IMOGENE!

I  
GUESS  
THAT  
DOUGHT  
TO GET  
A  
RAISE  
HEY?



WHEN WRITING TO  
THE RECLAIMER ARTIST-  
DONT KID HIM TOO MUCH-  
CAUSE HE MIGHT PUT  
YOUR PICTURE IN-



BURCHIT 1919





Sergeant Clarence Thompson, who has been at the hospital for quite some time, was discharged recently and has gone to his ranch in Montana. Don't let that broncho throw you, "Tomie."

Corporal John Gallagher has returned from a visit with relatives in Buffalo, N. Y. "Jack" is our trusty barber and we sure are glad to see him back. NEXT.

Our real hero is gone. Eugene Higdon has been transferred to Camp Sheridan, Alabama from which camp he will receive his discharge. "Look at his decorations," cried the girls as "Hig" walked down the street. Well, he sure had them. Seven wounds stripes, two overseas service stripes, gold triangle representing ten days fighting in the front line trenches without relieve, a citation cord, two Croix de Guerre, and the American D. S. C.

Two new patients arrived during the past week and they have been placed in C ward. Sergeant T. J. Sullivan from General Hospital No. 30 and Pvt. Alexander Pankowski from General Hospital No. 10.

"Isie" Reinheimer has gone girls. No more will you hear his melodious voice at the dances crying, "Youse girls sure done do nice dancing." He has been transferred to Camp Dix.

Private Charles Snellgrove, who was registered as a patient at this hospital several months ago, has returned from General Hospital No. 10 where he had his right arm amputated. On October thirty-first he had his arm caught between the rolls of one of the mangles at the laundry. "Hard luck Charles but we are glad to see you getting along so nicely."

Two of our patients who hail from the state of Illinois have been transferred to camps near their home for discharge. They are Alexander Buchanan, of Peoria and John Callegari, of Chicago.

"Major" Edgar Bennett has been sent to a camp in Kentucky for discharge. We are sure he will be happy now that he is among the "Big Boys."

"He is gone." "Who is gone," cries Imogene. "Burchitt of course, he is the only person you know in this place." Yes he has gone to his home in Syracuse, N. Y. We are anxiously awaiting his return for he will sure bring some line of junk back with him.

Martin Parker, whose home is in the Key-

stone state, has gone to Camp Upton and will soon be discharged from the service.

Many of the corps men will be glad to know that Private Gaffey, who was recently sent to General Hospital No. 10 for surgical treatment has returned.

James Sheppard, a Massachusetts soldier has also been sent home during the past week.

The men in civilian clothes in the state of New Jersey have no chance to catch a girl these days. Sergeant Burtis and Corporal Emmons are spending ten day furloughs there at the present time and we know they are the center of attraction.

Well boys we won't have to walk to Walpole much longer. Someone has said that Sergeant Cavanaugh is going to buy a Packard "Six" and take all the fellows to town. "Beg pardon, my mistake, it is a Ford.

Corporal "Jake" Browne has recently returned from a trip to Boston. No he didn't walk, secured a ride all the way. "Jake" says that it takes too long for blisters to heal.

Privates R. Pfutzner and C. Starr have returned from Fort Snelling, St. Paul having accompanied Private Pritchard one of our patients to General Hospital No. 29. The men stopped at Chicago on their return trip and visited the mother of Private J. L. O'Leary one of our patients.

A very serious accident occurred near the entrance to this post one evening during the past week. An automobile enroute to Boston struck a woman who was walking along the highway and she was thrown several feet to the side of the road. The guard at the entrance witnessed the accident and hurriedly summoned help. The woman was given first aid and was later removed to her home.

Sergeant Bunker, our Sergeant-Major, has been admitted to E ward as a patient. The Sergeant though not seriously ill was sent to the ward by Lieutenant Oberdorfer to recuperate from a recent visit to Foxboro.

Frank Foster, the tailor, has returned from a furlough, having visited his family at Augusta, Maine. "Just back in time Foster or some of us fellows would have to stop going out to see the ladies, our suits need a good pressing."

Private Christian VanLennep, who has been quite ill in E ward for some time, has been cheered greatly during the past few days by a visit from his mother. Mrs. VanLennep came from Chicago to visit her son.

The following men have been granted furloughs during the past few days and have gone to their homes for a short visit; Private Faulkner, Private John Shamaly, Private Mil-

fred Champoux, and Sergeant James McFarland.

Private Beck of the Motor corps has experienced much hard luck in the operation of the cars during the past few weeks. Recently Beck had the Ford turn over for him and just a few days ago, while driving the ambulance to General Hospital No. 10 he struck another car. The ambulance was damaged slightly as was also the other car.

Born at General Hospital No. 4, one hundred-fifty peeps on Saturday, February 15, 1919. Now boys you can send more money home, for you can go to see chickens without leaving the post.

### AUTOISTS:—ATTENTION!

The Reclaimer has found its way into every town and city in this vicinity and is read in several thousand homes. We are all very proud of it and are doing our best to make it a great success. There are many things that this paper will be able to do for us that could not be done otherwise. One of the most important of these is: it is a means by which we can thank the people of this vicinity for their many kindnesses to us. The men of the personnel and the patients are indeed grateful to those persons who so willingly stop at the post entrance and invite us to ride with them to the nearby towns. This thoughtfulness on their part saves many of us from having to walk many a weary mile. Likewise we are grateful to the ones who visit us frequently and in many ways make pleasant for us our sojourn here. The dances which are given each week at the Oval are indeed very pleasant and I hope that more of the men at the hospital will begin to attend these affairs. "Hats off men to the people of Massachusetts."

ONE WHO APPRECIATES.

### DEPARTMENT OF OCCUPATIONAL THERAPY.

(Continued from Page 5.)

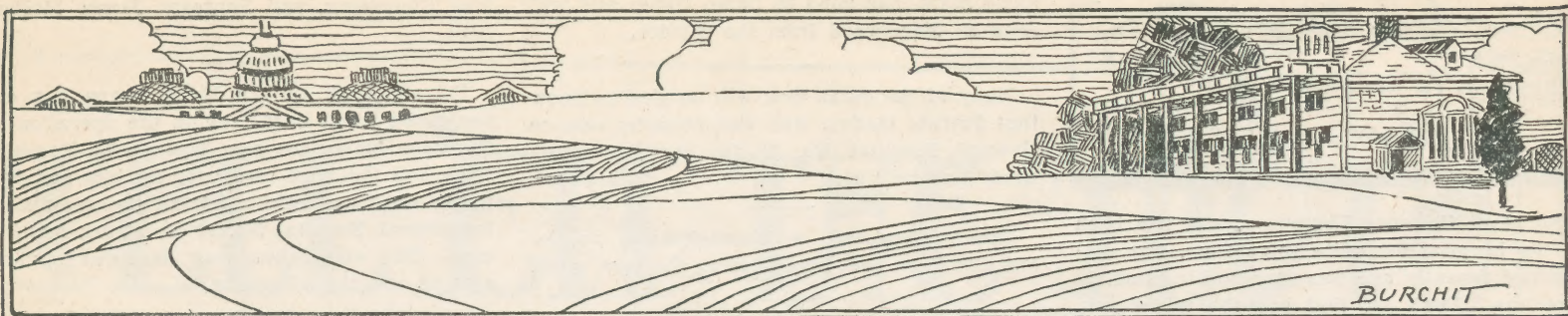
is put through a thorough system of industrial re-education that is to fit him for his work and place in society.

There has been a recent appropriation for the work of the Reconstruction Aides of this hospital to the amount of \$1000.00 to enable them to carry on their work. The order concerning the use of this was forwarded to Major MacPherson through the Colonel. They are to sell what they can of the products of their work and thus make it self-supporting as nearly as possible. But the sum that has been granted them will allow them a nice margin of safety on which to depend.

Miss Bond is the Chief Aide and is working under the supervision of Major MacPherson who is Chief of the Psychiatric Service of this Hospital. This organization of the work makes it possible for them to keep their work in harmony with that of the whole department.

We wish the girls every success in their work and will be glad at any time to offer the services of the paper for publicity or solicitation of tin cans or any other material that may be needed in their work.





### EDITORIAL.

It is interesting to note that, throughout the history of the world, whenever any great civilizing principle has been in danger, there has always been someone who was equal to the emergency of saving the day. When the best in ancient civilization, as represented by Grecian ideas was in danger from the Persian hordes and it seemed that at any moment it might be shattered by Semitic Barbarism, there arose Alcibiades, the man of the hour to save the world at Marathon. Similarly Joan of Arc came at the call of defeated France and saved her people; Wellington saved England; and there are many other instances of this sort which go to bear out the general fact.

Just at this time, there are certain great nations which need a man who is equal to the emergencies which the Great War has entailed. For many years the world has been sick and the calamity which has just befallen it was long brewing. It has left Russia, Germany, Turkey and the Balkan States torn apart with no one to guide them. But if the prophecy of history is true, because there is the great need and the great opportunity, we are on the eve of seeing the spiritual birth of a Superman, who shall save these nations from their troubles.

Because on Saturday of this week, we are to celebrate the 187th anniversary of the first great leader of our country, it is especially fitting that we should think about these things. George Washington, rightly called the "Father of his Country," was a man who had learned the worth of an opportunity that came to him and was not selfish enough to neglect it. He was the man of the hour, because he saw, as no other American man of that day, the hitherto unsuspected possibilities of the land and people that gave him birth. Soldier, Patriot and Dreamer, for years before the crisis finally came with Britain, he saw visions of a great free nation, established where all had been waste and oppression before. He prepared himself carefully for the day when the temper of his people should provide for him an opportunity to throw off the yoke of England and lead them to a victorious liberty. Today, because George Washington saw and grasped his great opportunity, our country stretches over three thousand miles of country free and strong: second to none on the face of the earth.

The lesson of the life of Washington for the man of today is on the necessity of recognizing and grasping opportunities. Life is full of these opportunities for nearly every man and yet the ability to appreciate them is one of the rarest talents in the world. No man will spend February 22, 1919 in vain who will stop to realize in himself the meaning of the life of the great President. We have no time to quarrel with the world because it is hard and dull, but it is rather for us to be glad that we are living in such an unparalleled day of opportunity. Let every one on this day realize that life holds undreamed of possibilities for him if he will but make himself worthy of them.

Today is our opportunity.



# THE RECLAIMER

Published by and for the officers and men of U. S. G. H. No. 34 by the authority of the Surgeon General of the Army.

## HOSPITAL STAFF

Commanding Officer ..... Lt.-Col. William H. Smith, M.C.U.S.A.  
Post Adjutant ..... Capt. Robert E. Baldwin, M.C.U.S.A.

## EDITORIAL STAFF

Lt. R. B. Blakney ..... Editor-in-Chief  
Lt. R. A. Marvel ..... Business Mgr.  
Sgt. Howard Burchit ..... Art Editor  
Sgt. Ralph Giles ..... Circulation Mgr.

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## CHANGES IN OFFICER'S PERSONNEL.

Several changes have taken place in the personnel of the officers during the past week. We announce the arrival of two Captains; Hiram E. Townsend and Edwin C. Gilbert. Captain Townsend, of the Quartermaster Corps, comes to us from Camp Beauregard, Louisiana and will assist Captain Sullivan in his many duties.

Captain Gilbert, of the Medical Corps, has been stationed at Camp Johnston, Florida. The Captain has been appointed Chief of the medical service vice Major George E. McPherson.

We also announce the departure of two of our Lieutenants, they having been discharged, and in connection with their going say, "Joy be with you and we hope soon to follow in your footsteps." Lieutenant Edmond A. Ehlers came to this hospital soon after it became an army post and has proved himself very efficient in caring for our heroes. He will be greatly missed by the officers, patients and Corps men and especially by the patients of Ward C, of which ward he was the Ward Surgeon. We shall also miss seeing the Lieutenant go through his setting up exercises each morning. He will return to the position held by him at the time of his entrance into the service, superintendent of a psychopathic hospital.

Lieutenant Adlai Oliver, of the Medical Corps, has also gone and in his departure our officers' personnel loses its only member who has seen overseas service. He was attached to the First Field Army, A. E. F., and was with the Mobile Neurological Hospital No. 3 of that army during the fighting about the Argonne forest. Lieutenant Oliver spent nearly five months with this unit in France. Thus we say of these two departed ones, "Gone but not Forgotten."

## OBITUARY

Dere Mabel just died and while Bill is looking for another girl we will have to suspend the publication of the letters that Bill gave us from his girl. He says that we ought to be grateful to him for letting us on the inside of his affairs and send him some suggestions as to nice girls and how to tell them when you see them. Send all suggestions through the Editor

## OUR LIBRARY.

The men of this hospital are weekly enjoying exceptional privileges. The Officers, Red Cross and the people of this vicinity are always planning for some entertainment or some gift for the personnel and patients. One of the greatest sources of enjoyment for these men is the library located in Ward D.

When this hospital became an army post there were many books of high value in the various wards. At once extensive plans were made to gather together these books and establish a small library at its present location. This was done and then was begun the task of increasing the number of books and periodicals obtainable at the library. This work has steadily grown until today this post can boast of a library that will supply excellent reading matter for the largest hospital in the country. We are very grateful to the Red Cross, A. L. A. and many other persons for their contributions of books and subscriptions to periodicals which have aided in making our library a decided success. The most recent additions are: novels of Zane Grey and Harold Bell Wright.

## JEWISH WELFARE ENTERTAINS

Last Sunday the Jewish Welfare board sent out a number of entertainers to the hospital and gave the boys who do not have much opportunity for entertainment a very enjoyable afternoon. They went around through the North, South, C and E wards, and all the boys are still talking after a week about the wonderful stunts they did.

Miss Adele Shalit came with her ukulele and played and sang very nicely, and was assisted by Miss Cecile Bornstien, who played the violin.

Mr. Pregonagi performed some magician's stunts that mystified the cleverest men on the post. We are told that Friend Brownie of C ward was so astonished at the magic that he made very extravagant statements about the performance. The entertainer brought out some new tricks that have not been shown very long and among them was his trick of picking live gold fish out of the air. He also had a way of dissolving a half dollar in pure water and then after giving it to one of the boys to drink, he managed to get the half dollar again out of the man's mouth and the water out of his elbow.

## NURSES GIVE PARTY.

On Thursday evening of last week the Nurses gave a party to the Officers and Reconstruction Aides of the Post that was the most successful thus far given. Miss Connolly was the Hostess of the evening and saw to it that every one had a good time. The party was given in the upper room of the Mess Hall Building and the room was very prettily arranged and decorated. The lights were draped with red crepe paper that created a new and interesting atmosphere about the whole room. The refreshments consisted of sandwiches, cake, ice cream and coffee and were fine. We do not get ice cream very often on this post as yet, but anyone who was at the party will say that the ice cream was most unusual.

One of the chief fun-makers was absent—Lt. Marvel had an accident which we refer to elsewhere, and a new face took his place. Capt. Townsend was there and seems to have had considerable experience on the dance floor in the course of his young life. He became quite popular with the ladies at once and made all of the others feel quite like second-raters. Colonel and Mrs. Smith were also present and added considerably to the life of the affair.

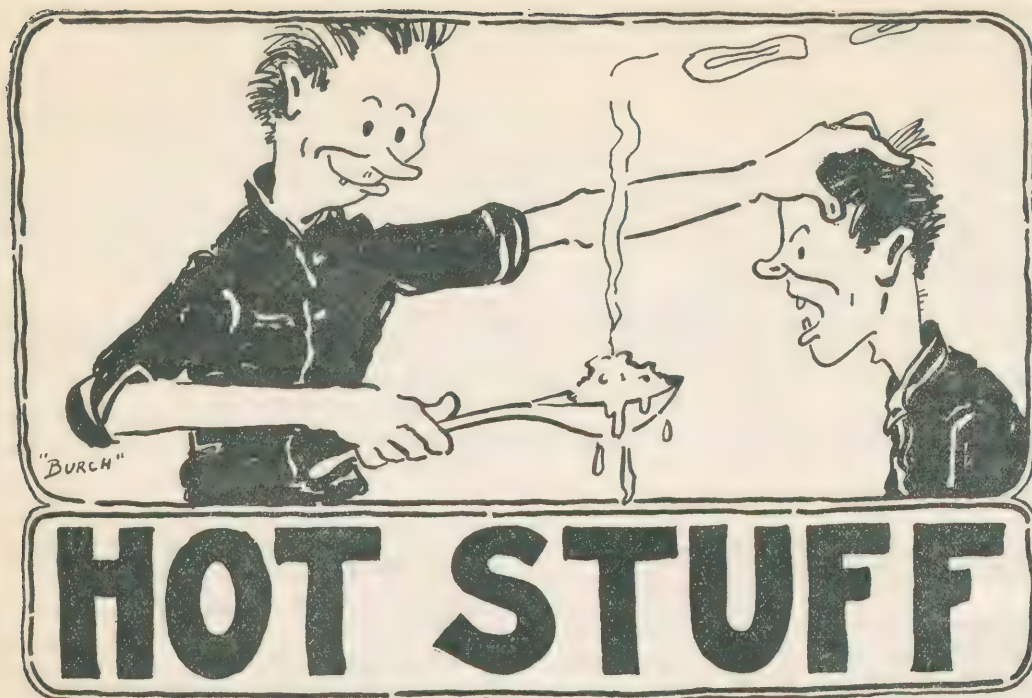
## WARNING TO ALL KIDDERS.

Let all those who habitually take pleasure in kidding others take warning lest something worse overtake them than that which overtook Lt. Marvel last Thursday afternoon. He walked into the Reclaimer office with a jovial smile and started to kid the Editor. Now the said Editor has recently had a new table installed in his office and this table has leaves that are supported by iron bars on either side. These leaves were designed to hold up papers and such things but were never designed with sufficient factor of safety to hold a fat man. The Lieutenant came and sat down on the said leaf of the said table and pretty soon it began to creak. The editor called his attention to the creaking and requested him to sit on almost anything in the office but that leaf. But he scorned the warning and continued to work around on it while he was getting the editor's goat. Suddenly, just about the time he had accomplished his purpose, the leaf gave way with a rip and a crash and when we awakened to the situation Lt. Marvel was spread all over the floor at our feet. For a while after he got up he walked around with the air of a stunned man rubbing the injured part and finally had to be conducted to his room by Capt. Faulkner who witnessed the affair. We'll tell the world that Lt. Marvel got some little jarring—he was not able to attend the party the Nurses gave that night. Moral: Watch your step.

## THE RECLAIMER

Your hospital paper has a circulation now of 3000 copies per edition. It is growing all the time and needs your loyalty and support. The Editor takes this opportunity to express his appreciation of the helpfulness of those who have contributed to these columns.





# HOT STUFF

Wanted—An ideal sweetheart. He must be handsome, clever, strong and brave—a regular superman. Only those who R. A. Marvel need apply.

(From Wrentham.)

"The Trouble Buster" one of our exchanges makes the following announcement: Our paper will be published weekly, or whenever news is abundant and the printers are not on furlough or A. W. O. L.

Sergeant Picketts has won fame as an entertainer and some Attleboro people say he is there. Recently, when being entertained at a home in that city, he sprung some real clever ones. One young lady said, "Wouldn't it be awful if the sun would never shine in Heaven and our eternity would be spent in darkness."

"Not at all," piped Picketts, "there will be Israelites there."

Captain Lawrence to patient he had just examined for admission to ward E:—"Do you have pajamas?"

"No sir, I have the measles."

(General Orders for Mess.)

1

To take charge of these spuds and all gravy in view.

2

To watch my plate in a military manner, always keeping on the alert for any stray sausage that comes within my sight, smell or hearing.

3

To report my bread sliced too thin to the mess sergeant.

4

To repeat all calls for seconds.

5

To quit my table only when satisfied that there is nothing else left.

6

To receive, but not to pass on to the man next to me, any meat, cabbage, or beans left by non-coms, buck privates or cockroaches.

7

To talk to no one who asks for onions.

8

In case of fire in the mess hall to grab all eatables left by others.

9

In any case not covered by instructions to call the company clerk.

10

To allow no one to steal anything in the line of grub.

11

To salute all chickens, beefsteak, pork chops, liver and ham and eggs.

12

To be especially watchful at the table and during the time for eating to challenge anyone who gets more prunes than myself.

(From "The Bayonet," Camp Lee, Va.)

Lieutenant musing while peering through a Microscope: "This is an Acute Parenchymatous Nephritis."

Private absent-mindedly sweeping the floor: "No, this is Friday."

## SOME DOPE.

In a little private scientific discussion of the problem of curing colds:

Lt. Oliver: "If any man that has a cold will take a little Quinine, some Aspirin, a few Dovers Powders, a drink of hot lemonade and a few good purgatives, he will be cured quicker than any other remedy I know will do it."

Lt. Flood: "Why don't you tell a man to take a stick of dynamite and be done with it?"

## "STILL ROOKIES."

There are smiles that make us happy,  
There are soldiers that will not do  
Their simple duty as they ought to  
Because the war is almost through.  
Be a man, 'tis nobler thoughts beseech  
you

Do your duties to the very ends,  
Then your conscience ne'er will give  
you trouble

When back to Sweetheart, home and  
friends.

Highland Lake "Fall In."

"Try this over on your Piano. The  
next song will be a dance."

Smiles by Pvt. Greenhalgh.

There are smiles for General Pershing,  
There are smiles for General Foch,  
There are smiles for old time men like  
Lincoln

There are smiles for Sherman, Grant  
and Lee,

There are smiles for all the Allied Na-  
tions

Who fought beside old liberty,  
But the smiles we get from Woodrow  
Wilson

Are the smiles of Democracy.

## DRAFT DESERTERS

It seems as if the government were about ready to make a raid on all the draft dodgers and clean them up once and for all. It is difficult for any man who has ever understood the purpose of the war and life in the army to see the point of view of the man who was either unwilling or afraid to fight for the country that gave him his living. To most of us, the army at first was a brand new experience, and a complete change of life that we gradually became accustomed to, but for the better class of men or even for those who had any red blood in them, the war helped them to gain a large measure of self respect. The men who went over the other side and did the fighting and came out have had an experience that will enable them to face extreme problems during the rest of their life. For those of us who staid at home and did the work that we were asked to do during the Flu epidemic, we, too, had a great experience and we can only be sorry for the man who shut himself out from that privilege. To have been in the army of the United States during the great war is an experience no man need ever be ashamed of.

But some of these draft dodgers have a great experience coming to them, for they are going to have to face some pretty heavy jail sentences. A circular letter from Washington remarks that to avoid the humiliation of arrest and all the other fixings that go with a real disagreeable job, all men who feel the weight of guilt on their souls for having dodged the draft had better surrender themselves.

Knowing the army thus far, we believe this to be excellent advice.



# OUR POME PAGE

## FROM EVERYWHERE

### MOTTO

# "ALL ROUGH STUFF CENSORED"

### "THE RAVING."

(With apologies to Edgar Allen Poe).

by Burch's Dad.

Once upon a midnight dreary, wild-eyed,  
wide awake and "skeery,"  
Vainly seeking rest and slumber, on a bunk  
three feet by four,  
While I restlessly was pitching, suddenly I  
felt an itching  
As of imps with nettles stitching every inch of  
skin I wore,  
"Tis some visitors," I grumbled, "Cooties  
have been here before,  
"Only bugs and nothing more."

Ah, be sure I've not forgotten, for my mem-  
ory's not so rotten,  
And the very bunk I "sot" in, still is standing  
by the door.  
Now the cooties get still bolder, biting me  
behind the shoulder  
E're I was a minute older, I was standing on  
the floor  
Landed pitching, scratching, itching, in the  
middle of the floor.  
Holy Moses how I swore!

Then methought I'd do some thinking, while  
I stood there winking, blinking  
All my thoughts together linking. Then I  
charged around and tore.  
"Where's that syrup can?" I stuttered, as I  
struck a match which sputtered,  
"Ah I recollect, I muttered, "There it is be-  
hind the door."  
I know when my bread is buttered, so I  
quickly swept the floor,  
Brushed and swept it o'er and o'er.

Then I took that can of sweetness, with ex-  
traordinary fleetness  
Quickly made a square with neatness, four  
by six and maybe more.  
Then I took the quilt and pillow, shook the  
bed into a billow  
Like a funny punchinello, turned a hand  
spring on the floor,  
Fixed a bed inside the syrup, where I soon  
began to snore  
Only this and nothing more.

Then the bed bug and the cootie, fearing  
they would lose their booty  
Felt it was a sacred duty to attack me on the  
floor.  
So they charged upon the 'lasses, first in  
singles then in masses  
As they strove to gain the passes, ere they  
gave the conflict o'er.  
Struggled in the sweet morasses of the sy-  
rup on the floor  
While the night hours onward wore.

Then the cooties back retreating, held an  
indignation meeting  
Such unprecedented beating ne'er had suffered  
they before.

Up the wall then on the ceiling, scampered  
they devoid of feeling  
While my blood was near congealing as I  
shivered on the floor,  
Dropped down on me where I, squealing,  
lay there helpless on the floor  
While they bit me as before.

Once again I took to scratching, while with-  
in my brain were hatching  
Desperate thoughts which brook no matching,  
sure were never thought before.  
All at once I sprang up shaking, like an as-  
pen leaf was quaking  
And those hungry bugs forsaking, from the  
ring I jumped and swore  
'That's the dope that you'll be taking—You'll  
not bite me any more,  
"Got your goat, you pesky bore!"

And those cooties never flitting, still are  
sitting, sitting, sitting  
Thoughtfully their eyebrows knitting, in their  
disappointment sore,  
And their eyes have all the seeming of a  
bed bug's that is dreaming  
With the syrup round them streaming in the  
ring upon the floor.  
And with joy I felt like screaming as I went  
to bed once more.  
Bugs shall bite me—NEVER MORE!

### "OH BURCH!"

By Imogene Bennett.

Gosh, I gotta 'n AWFUL crush, Sade. Did-  
jer see the guy just came?  
Aint he just a Peacherino? Wish I knew  
that feller's name!  
What a shame! Look—he's a Sergeant! Course  
I might a' known he'd be  
Now I'll NEVER make a hit. Why?—Only,  
PRIVATEs look at me.

Sure,—I seen him once before, Sade, on the  
train a while ago—  
(Course you won't repeat all this stuff—this  
is just for YOU to know)  
And I thought he almost saw me—he sat down  
across the aisle—  
Though I might a known he didn't,—for of  
course I ain't HIS style.

But I stared—I couldn't help it, he's the  
fascinatin' kind—  
Such a HANDSOME face—so SHY-LIKE—  
guess he has a dreamer's mind.  
And his eyes—so sort of wistful—just the  
GRANDEST DREAMY hue  
Wish he'd turn 'em over this way—I ADORE  
BROWN eyes—don't you?

Gosh but he's a swell built feller—ain't his  
shoulders awful square?  
Don't he hold his head up straight, Sade—  
ain't he got the PRETTY hair?  
And his feet—just BUILT for dancin'—gee, I  
think I'd take a chance  
If my feet were built like his are—in a pair  
of Army shoes.

And his Mustache! Glory be, Sade—don't it  
make him look DEVINE?  
Wish that I could shout out loud—"Folks, this  
here guy's a friend of MINE!"  
Wish I dared to smile upon him—tho' I'm sure  
he wouldn't flirt  
He's too nice and dignified, Sade, to be  
bothered by a "skirt."

What you say? He's COMIC ARTIST? AW!  
Go on—now—who'd believe  
He's too MELANCHOLY lookin'—tho' of  
course looks DO deceive.  
He DOES look like a genius—you can tell  
'em every time  
(No one ever'd look at ME, tho'—and expect  
that I could rhyme).

Well he hasn't "fell" for me, Sade, n'fact he  
doesn't know I'm here  
Tho' MY heart gets all a'flutter every time  
that he is near.  
Hero-worship? Sort of, maybe—still it won't  
hurt him a bit  
Prob'ly if he heard me ravin' he would nearly  
throw a fit.

Do you s'pose he is fat headed? Course he  
"cuts a lot o' ice"  
With the girls. He couldn't help it—just  
because is IS so nice.  
Just the same, I sure admire him—gee, I'D  
never be forlorn  
If that feller marched beside ME—SPLENDID  
in his Uniform.

This is the third item we had had to publish  
from Imogene. The editor of this paper thinks  
that this silent crush has gone about far  
enough and he desires the real name of the  
author if she has any. If she has the courage  
of her convictions, let her appear any evening  
in evening clothes and we'll arrange an intro-  
duction. As we write, Burch sends the follow-  
ing query, "How's the chance for a date,  
Imogene?"

### OUR CORPORAL.

Who from the wilds of Holyoke came  
To join this army of so great fame,  
To join the army to make a name  
Our dashing Corporal.

Who was it one night that missed the train  
To gain his ends with some fair dame,  
And walks to the post—just to be game  
Our dashing Corporal.

One evening they both went for a walk  
She stumbled and fell as her toe struck a rock,  
Who fell by her side just like a—Gawk  
Our dashing Corporal.

Now in conclusion, my friends I do pray  
Do not misjudge what here I do say,  
It is done for a laugh and to make us gay  
Our dashing Corporal.  
CASEY & FRITZ, Ovalites.



# Reveries of an "Old Regular"

The following poem was handed in by one of the Enlisted Men.

Oh I tramped a post in Cuba, in the clash of '98

With the whining Mauser bullets spraying low;

I was ticketed Havana thro' the cane and ripe banana,

With an outfit of the line from Fort Monroe. We was sure a bunch of Regulars, and we took our pleasures hard,

Dissipation, scraps, and gamblin' on the side.

We were fighters in the daytime, in our duty and our playtime,

And we couldn't show up saffron if we tried.

Then a C. O. shipped us eastward to the land of the Ladrones,

And we took the ol' Kilpatrick cross the sea;

We used tons of Crag confetti north and south of the Lunetti;

Givin' lessons to the Gugus on why a people should be free.

There was Bino an' we tried it—nothin' much we didn't do;

Till they picked us out to break the boxer Chinks:

An' we left Manila City which was certainly a pity.

For we just got used to mixin' native drinks.

Then we herded with the Tommies up from Tientsin to the wall,

An' our ranks are gettin' thinner every day.

But it wasn't long in endin' an' they weren't long in sendin'

Us to help make Auguinaldy quit his play.

We were under ol' Hell-Roarin' Jakey Smith upon Samar,

When the Bulingiga Crime was pulled on "C",

And it wasn't no kid's party when we started in quite hearty

Takin' toll an' payin' debits merrily.

Then we hit the trail to Frisco an' the bunch all got discharged.

(The hardest hittin' Johnnies in the line).

But I met my old top kicker an' discoursed a tub o' licker,

An' it ended with me holdin' up my hand.

An' I got the triple chevrons but I lingered months before,

We were shot across the border as a screen. After months of weary waitin', desert duty-weary waitin',

I attached the diamond emblem in between.

## THE RECLAIMER

Now I got a bar upon me with the rainbow colors on,

An' I know a bit about the army game; We have dropped the wild-eyed scramblin' for the licker and the gamblin'

An' we're better by a long shot for the same.

For the wars these days are different than they were sometime ago

When our rations they were mostly hate an' wrath,

When the boys cared not a muckle but they'd surely groan and buckle,

If they had to tread the straight and narrow path.

Ot it's sometimes tho' I'm yearnin' for tre ol' days once again,

When I know my common sense should tell me nay;

But I'm here in O. D. Flannels an' in military channels,

So I shouldn't have a bloomin' word to say. But I can't forget the comrades that I sol-diered with so long,

An' I'd liwe to have 'em under my com-mand;

For those boys were 'carnate devils in their battles an' their revels,

The hardest hittin' Johnnies in the land!

## PATIENTS ON FURLOUGH

There is a circular letter from the office at Washington that is interesting, as it refers to the patients of the hospitals who desire furloughs to go home. These furloughs are given in order that the patient and his family may profit by the former's presence home during the necessary intervals that must elapse between the various steps of the patient's treatment. It is the government's desire and intention, not only to give him the best of treatment, but to make his convalescence as agreeable and profitable as possible. The letter further calls the attention of the patient's folks to the fact that he must be returned to the hospital at the expiration of his furlough for the completion of his treatment and that in any case he is always under the care of the Medical Department of the Army.

It is the desire of the Surgeon General that all the men who are at the various hospitals shall be as contented as possible. Many of the men have not seen their people for a long time and they have a real need for a rest trip home. As to getting out of the army, most of them would realize, were they to try it once, that they really are better in the army than they would be under the present conditions in civil life where business does not at present afford the best of opportunities for everybody. As time goes on, and more facilities for keeping occupied are available with a few furloughs sprinkled in between, most of our boys will come to feel that the service is not so bad after all.

## COLONEL SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON

On Sunday evening Colonel Smith left for a trip to Washington and was gone for a few days. As he did not consult us about the trip we are unable to explain it in any plausible manner. Perhaps when the colonel comes back he may have some interesting things to tell. The Reclaimer lays first claim to any "Scoop" that may eventuate out of this trip.

Sunday just before the colonel left he came into the Reclaimer office and beamed on us most genially, announcing as he did so, that down at the hennery he expected 150 chickens to hatch out in the course of a few hours. We have not yet had opportunity to see whether or not the colonel was counting his chickens before they were hatched, but we are wondering if the trip to Washington was to report the birth of those new babies. If so we hope that the authorities in that great city will appreciate as we do some first class chicken dinners in the fall.

## ALL WELL

The following men have been sent away from the hospital during the past week, either transferred or discharged:

### Discharged From Service.

Laypole, George  
Dierson, John A.  
Culver, Clinton  
Hedges, Claude  
Herrod, Clyde  
Vittetoe, James W.  
Sheppard, Thomas  
Montgomery, Andrew  
Roder, Carl  
Callegari, John  
Buchanan, Alex  
Connelly, Peter  
Ruthig, Antony  
Canavy, James

### Transferred to Convalescent Battalions.

McAfee, Charles (Camp Gordon)  
Proctor, Faulkner (Clover, S. C.)  
Shamaly, John (New York)  
Champaux, Wilford (Biddeford, Me.)  
McFarlane, James, Sgt.  
Conway, Joe (Sharon)

## ARMY NEEDS "NON-COMS"

The Colonel has received a letter from the Surgeon General's Office requesting that a survey of the men be made in the departments of the service directly concerned with the reconstruction work, in order to determine which men are fitted for promotion to the various non-commissioned ranks. It directs that in making these classifications of the men that the tests be based on several factors in the past record of the men, to wit: efficiency, intelligence in the service; and the letter further directs that special attention be directed to men with superior education.

There are quite a few men at this hospital who feel that they are entitled to some promotion and have demonstrated their right to the distinction. Until the time that the classifications are made here, it will behoove all the men in the post to do their utmost to win their place among the other non-commissioned officers.



## NURSES' COLUMN.

Why hurry to catch the 8.30 a.m. train to Boston on Sunday, because if you happen to miss it you can have it flagged. Are all Misses like this?

Competition is the life of trade they say. In this case, it is the life of floor polishing between the North Ward and the Administration building.

The nurses have no desire to return to Camp Dix but instead are inviting their friends to lonely but promising Pondville.

The only disappointing feature of the Thursday night party was that the automatic disher refused to do its duty.

"When a lady tries to make love to me I then treat her with indifference, when she smiles I smile; when she winks I wink and so on," says a very young Loot on the Post. Some Indifference.

Last week one of the nurses sent to town for a bathing-cap. She got a smoking-cap instead. We are afraid that she will have trouble with her crowning glory.

Let me know ahead of time when you expect to polish your dance floor, said one of the young lady dancers after recuperating from a fall.

Are all Nova Scotians good dancers? We'll say so.

Wanted: By a Captain on the Post a perfect No. 36 model in order to facilitate the making of white uniforms that we are about to get.

It is rumored that the Chief Nurse had her eyes tested recently. Pvt. Murray says that he has a large supply of scrubbing brushes on hand.

## Stunts:—

Miss Philburn and Miss Lindsley, do real acrobatic stunts up in F. Barracks on the top floor. They can locate the dipper and north star, while doing these.

Miss Doyle, does stunts too, but she has a different type. She can change a piece of raspberry pie into squash, in less time than it takes you to sneeze.

What a great change, Miss Young, and Miss Lindsley, are about to experience in the very near future when they lay aside the uniform for the new hobble skirts, worn by the civilian ladies. How about it girls?

One evening last week, Miss Shahan was in search of a marvellous flood. We think she had a telephone message saying that such was on the post.

Shahan:—"Oh Santy, did you know McLain was a corpl. now?"

Santy:—"No child, is she?"

Shahan:—"Oh yes, I think she is, she's wearing two stripes now."

## FROM THE NURSES

Miss Carolyn Coe.

When the angry passion gathering  
In the Major's face I see  
And he leads me to the corners  
Sees DIRT, shows it to me,  
Then I know that I will catch it  
And my thoughts and fancies flee,  
To the home and long lost loved ones  
That I left for liberty.

In a sudden intermission  
That seems my only chance  
I say, "Just a minute Major,  
Give us time and you shall see  
A clean and better ward-room  
Than ever yours could be.  
He stops a minute, draws his breath,  
Looks flustered, as he should  
Says, "Gee, you're right, I'd a had it done  
If I was clever enough and could."

Now as Gabriel and the angels,  
Cast their pitying glances down  
We hope, dear sweet old Major  
That you'll please remove your frown.  
So we'll scrub with Old Dutch Cleanser  
And the Gold Dust Twins we'll seek  
Then By Jinks if you're still grumbling  
You sure have got some cheek.

We take this opportunity to thank Mrs. Haywood for her sweetness to the nurses and aids.

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